

The Battle of Brandywine.

ON September 11, 1777, Washington marched to Brandywine in an effort to prevent the capture of Philadelphia, but the British, by a flank attack and superior numbers, defeated the American army, and the Quaker city fell into their hands.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF LOVE, ROMANCE AND MYSTERY.

Pearl Finds a Clue to the Mysterious Disappearance of the Violet Diamond

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film
 Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
 Richard Carslake Warner Oland
 The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
 Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe
 Tom Carleton Henry Gsell

(Novelized from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring.")

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 10.

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"YES, But it wasn't badly hurt. I fell into a nice, soft flower bed, you see." She stretched up her arms to show how perfectly fit the shoulder was already.

"And you actually got away with the diamond under their very noses!" chuckled Tom, amused in spite of himself.

"I did," responded Pearl, producing it.

It sparkled and shone and glittered against her pink palm as she held it out proudly for their inspection. Like a star plucked fresh from the heavens it glistened, emitting flashes of purple fire each way it turned.

"Put it away! It's accursed," muttered Aunt Mattie, glaring down at it. "The fire of Satan is in it!"

"No, no—it is beautiful," whispered Nina. "Beautiful!"

"And valuable," added Pearl. "As valuable as my life and Tom's here, put together. . . . Is that my black velvet jewel case, Nina?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle," said Nina.

Pearl moved to the table, opened the case and deposited the diamond in the top tray. It lay there, a thousand times more brilliant against the black velvet than it had been against Pearl's pink flesh. And as all four stood gazing down at it admiringly, Aunt Mattie said again:

"It's got hell-fire in it, that's what it has!"

Pearl laughed and turned to the butler, who was just entering the sun-room.

"If you please, Miss, that strange dark lady is here again!"

"The High Priestess!" cried Pearl, joyfully. "This is luck, indeed. Show her in."

As the butler moved to the doorway to beckon the visitor to enter, Pearl followed, eager to greet the foreign woman and to lay the diamond in her hands at last. Tom, Aunt Mattie and even Nina crowded behind her.

They had not long to wait, for the High Priestess had been standing just outside the door.

She entered with a slow, determined tread, her Arabs trailing behind her.

"Pearl Standish," she began in a commanding tone, "I need not tell you why I am here. You have this day removed the diamond from Carslake's house. Give it to me!"

"Gladly," answered Pearl, and stretched out her hand. "It is there—in the velvet case. And it is yours."

With a cry of joy, the High Priestess advanced toward the table—seized the case. Then—the light died out of her eyes and they grew stern; her dark brows came down low; she caught her breath.

Vaguely troubled, the others drew near, wondering at this swift transformation. But a glance at the case solved the mystery.

It was empty. The violet diamond had disappeared again—this time as though it had vanished into thin air.

ANOTHER MYSTERY.

"Why, it's gone!" gasped Pearl, wondering, staring at the empty case as though she doubted the evidence of her own eyes.

"Gone? Impossible!" murmured Aunt Mattie incredulously. "It can't be gone! It was there a moment ago!"

"Sacre bleu!" whispered Nina, crossing herself. "No one has been near the table!"

"It—must have fallen out," choked Tom. "It must have rolled onto the table or onto the floor!"

At that, Pearl instantly began to search, but without avail. The diamond was gone. That was plain to all observers.

The High Priestess looked from one to another of them with grim, scornful eyes.

"So it is gone, is it? It has disappeared—mysteriously, eh?"

"The devil has taken back his own," cried Aunt Mattie fiercely. Little Nan crossed herself again.

But now the High Priestess's calmness suddenly passed and her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed darkly with passion. It was as though a storm that had been rising gradually, almost imperceptibly, had broken.

"Bah!" she cried, snapping her fingers in Pearl's face. "Do you think to deceive me so easily? No! It is beyond belief. Am I an imbecile? Do you think I do not realize this is but another of your subterfuges? But this time, it will not succeed with the Order of the Violet Gem!"

"But I assure you I am telling you the truth!" protested Pearl. "The diamond was there an instant ago in the case. And no one has been near the table since. I cannot imagine where it can have gone!"

The High Priestess smiled. But it was a merciless smile, cold and cruel.

Tom as a Hostage.

"Perhaps you will find it again, then," she said. "Until you do, Tom Carleton shall be held as hostage."

She clapped her hands. Instantly, from the hallway, from the adjoining room, from the windows, her Arabs swarmed in. An evil looking lot they were, with their gleaming white teeth, swarthy skin and sharp black eyes. Small wonder if they struck terror to the hearts of the women present.

"No, no!" cried Pearl, throwing herself between the Arabs and Tom; but her interference was futile. One of the Arabs seized her, clapping his hand over her mouth to stifle her screams.

Tom Carleton leaped forward to free her, only to be caught and firmly held by two more of the band, while a third got behind him and thrust the muzzle of a revolver into the small of his back.

Aunt Mattie fainting. Nina shrieked away in a far corner and began saying her prayers.

Of the three women Pearl was the only one disposed to resist the invaders. Struggling fiercely, kicking, scratching, writhing, she freed herself at length from her uncomfortable captor. But another had a gun leveled at her head by this time, and in his venomous eyes she read determination.

She dared not move, though they had begun to propel Tom toward the door. He, poor fellow, was helpless, with a gun biting into his back. He could not lag.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Do You Like a Thrilling Story? Read "The Fatal Ring"



Magazine Page



"Sister Susie"

SHE SEWETH SHIRTS FOR SOLDIERS.

By NELL BRINKLEY.

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HER name might be Jeanie, Dolly Jane, Betty or Eloise, but she's called Sister Susie just the same, that ardent young person whom you see getting in "her bit" of knitting in the face of all the joys of every-day living that come along in Summer to crook a finger at a

"little chap!" Witness—she knits on the swaying, rolling spar, while her siren friends sing to her from the foam below. How she got out there with it! She must have held it in the air with one hand and paddled with the other, and got her "shinney-up" with the aid of the white hands and shoulders of a shouting crew.—NELL BRINKLEY.

HICTANER--"The Man Fish"--By Jean de la Hire

THE two men fired a gun to attract attention, and they then pushed into the sea a raft loaded to which was a dead body. Then the electric launch, transforming itself into a submersible, sank downward.

The Cyclone took the ghastly raft aboard.

On his breast was pinned a sheet of folded paper on which was written: "To Admiral Germinet."

The Cyclone put about and joined the Republic. Severac's body was taken aboard still tied to the raft.

Admiral Germinet assembled the council of admirals and in their presence read this message:

"To the Powers! A third of the world fleet is destroyed. Severac is dead, shot by his own electric mirror, which is now in our hands."

Give back Moleste and submit unconditionally to the conditions of our first ultimatum, given last January to the heads of state and published in all the papers of the world. Absolute submission must take place before May 15 next.

"This failing, we shall take the offensive, and will stop at nothing in order to bend the world to our will."

"FULBERT, HICTANER."

"He will pursue the Cyclone. He will notice its speed with amazement. On the other hand, he understands the slight importance of a torpedo from the offensive point of view."

"All that being comprehended, my hope is placed in Hictaner's coquetting with the Cyclone."

"M. Ciserat will increase his speed to the utmost. Hictaner, I can foresee, knowing M. Ciserat, will sport with the Cyclone as a shark does with a fisherman's boat. Then, if my conjectures are right, if my hopes are well founded, Hictaner will be led unsuspectingly to a trap in the roadstead at Toulon, which can readily be closed round him."

A long silence followed this explanation. From the faces of his audience Admiral Germinet, who was sitting down, could see that his plan

else disdaining so feeble a prey, will set out in search of some graver and more suitable destruction."

Admiral Okosima stopped and received with satisfaction the evidence of unfeigned approbation from every one, excepting Admiral Germinet and the French ambassador.

He continued earnestly: "My plan is less noble than Admiral Germinet's. Why should we deal nobly in this case? We have an all-powerful enemy to conquer—an enemy who seeks to tyrannize the entire world—an enemy who has destroyed hundreds of vessels and killed thousands of men—an enemy manifestly dishonorable—since he demands from us a young girl whom we do not hold."

An Explanation.

Discreet applause interrupted the speaker.

"Gentlemen," he went on confidently, "I have long pondered over the circumstances surrounding this strange war, and I shall explain the conclusions I have come to. Hictaner is the victim and tool of Okus and Fulbert. These two men know where Moleste is, for they took her from Severac. They have her in hiding and have persuaded Hictaner that it

is we who hold her. So in order to once more see Moleste, Hictaner is fighting us, and is thus, unconsciously, serving the diabolical projects of Okus and Fulbert."

At these illuminating explanations, loud applause broke out and Admiral Germinet himself was obliged to pay tribute to Admiral Okosima's Asiatic astuteness.

"Well," continued the speaker triumphantly, "let us forget that Hictaner is merely an instrument, and in striking at his person let us attack the intentions of Fulbert and Okus."

"They are fighting us with trickery. Let us use the same weapons. The grandeur of our aim, the liberation of humanity, makes it legitimate for us to conduct ourselves according to the adage, 'For one deception, a deception and a half.'"

The Japanese admiral continued impressively: "There is one consideration more important than all the others which should make you reject Admiral Germinet's plan, which allows for the destruction of vessels and men from Gibraltar to Pader."

"Enough men, gentlemen, have already been sacrificed to an enemy against whom they cannot even fire a cannon ball. Do you not realize this after the experiences of the Russian vessels?"

"Their crews mutilated in a body at the first onslaught. The Americans, the Germans, and the French—I will not dwell upon these sorrows, gentlemen. But I beg you to investigate the attitude of mind among your men, as I have examined mine, and you will agree with me in this."

"At the first news of a catastrophe our crews will revolt, and in obedience to the anarchists and malcontents who abound everywhere, they will say: 'Sooner live under Hictaner's rule without taxes than die in fighting him unseen.'"

"What then, can we do? Can we of ficers pretend to man our vessels unaided?"

The Japanese admiral was silent, in order to let his words better make the vivid impression intended. They were so very true!

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Making the Cup that Cheers.

ALWAYS warm your teapot with hot water, but see that it is dry before you put your tea in it. When the tea is in, stand in a warm place; this aids in bringing out the flavor of the cup that cheers.

Their Married Life

A NARRATIVE OF EVERYDAY AFFAIRS

Helen Undertakes to Comfort Viva Nesbitt, Who Rebels Against Her Fiance's Enlistment.

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Helen heard sounds of weeping on the other side of the door that led into the Atwood apartment. She stopped and considered gravely. Ought she to go in? Was Frances in any deep trouble, and if so, wasn't it possible that she might not want to be disturbed? Then on the other hand was the fact that if Frances were crying so desperately might not she, Helen, help in some way to stop her tears? Helen felt that she was a privileged friend of Frances and Carl, and yet what could there be in Frances's happy life to make her sob so terribly?

At last deciding that it would be better to ring and discover whether she was wanted, Helen pressed the button. There was a sudden cessation of the weeping, and the stir of someone moving on the other side of the door. Helen knew by the sound that whoever was crying was in the big studio, for the outer door opened directly into it.

After waiting another minute or two the door was swung open, not by Frances, as Helen had thought, possible, but by Viva Nesbitt, her usually sleek little head strangely tumbled and her great dark eyes heavy with tears.

"My dear child," Helen began, hardly knowing what to say. "Oh, my dear Mrs. Curtis," Viva said abruptly, "did you want to see Frances? She's not in this morning."

Viva's remark was plainly discourteous and Helen felt that the girl did not want to be bothered, but with the new insight into her character that had come with the past few months, and the actual friendship that Helen had hoped had sprung up between them, she could not bear to let Viva suffer all alone.

"Viva, dear," Helen said timidly, afraid of being repulsed, "please let me help you."

There was a moment's silence as Viva's eyes met Helen's uncompromisingly, and then, almost as if she were too tired to argue, she turned away, and Helen came in and closed the door.

She did not press the girl, but finally, when Viva made no effort to say anything, Helen advanced and slipped her arm around the girl's shoulders. Instantly there was a long-drawn sigh and the girl drew away.

"Please don't," she said, in muffled tones. "There's nothing at all you can do."

"Is it about Mr. Leonard?" Helen whispered, before Viva could freeze her out entirely.

As though the mention of the

name had recalled everything to her, Viva wheeled suddenly.

"Yes, they've taken him," she stormed passionately; "of course you can't know what that means to me, but he's all I have, all I have in this world to care for."

Again came those long, racking sobs that shook the girl all over and made Helen wonder how so frail a body could sustain such wild grief.

"You'd better go, Mrs. Curtis, before I say something I shall be sorry for. I don't want anyone to tell me to bear up and be proud of him and all the time-worn sentiments that people advance who don't know what they're talking about. Other girls have happy homes, people to love them, everything in the world to make them happy. I have just him. He's the first person I have ever loved like this. I need him more than his country needs him."

Helen was sorrier for Viva than she had ever been for anyone in her life. What the girl said was true in a way, and Helen Leonard wielded an influence over Viva's wild, impassioned nature that had certainly revolutionized the girl's stormy character. But to sympathize with Viva now would be the worst thing in the world for the girl, and much as Helen wanted to do it, she schooled herself to speak as severely as she could.

"Of course you will be as selfish as you can about it, Vera," she said sharply. "You say that other girls have everything and can afford to give their men up while you can't. What about the mothers with little babies to take care of? What about the girls with sons of your own who accept the results of the war with courage and faith in their hearts? You are giving way to everything that is narrow and small in your nature, and if you really love Mr. Leonard as you say you do you are making it unutterably hard for him."

Viva turned upon Helen like a whirlwind, but Helen met her look of concentrated fury and did not flinch.

"You know that I'm saying only what is true," she persisted. "Viva, he is a woman, dear, not a little girl," and she held out her hands impatiently.

There was a tense moment and then the fierce light in Viva's eyes died out. She wavered a moment and then slipped across into Helen's comforting arms. Helen let her sob quietly, for she knew that after the first shock was over Viva's new powers of self-control would assert themselves and she would meet the situation bravely and well.

(Watch for the next installment of this always interesting series.)

Stories of Interest

The Necessity for Sleep.

The question of how much sleep is necessary for the health of human beings has for long been of interest to scientists. In order to test the effects of wakefulness on the system a number of scientific men some time ago agreed to be forcibly kept awake for ninety hours, or nearly four days and nights, and to be watched by colleagues throughout a steady period of intervals of six hours various tests were applied to the experimenters to determine the condition of their memory, vision, motor capabilities, and so on.

Only three "victims" were able to endure to the end, but, curiously enough, it was discovered that all three maintained a steady increase in weight during their time of trial, although after they went to sleep at the end of the experiment their weight decreased very perceptibly. Those who have ever suffered from insomnia will thoroughly appreciate the courage of these investigators who willfully abstained from "Nature's sweet restorer" for nearly four days and nights!

The Eye of the Submarine.

It is not generally known that the history of the periscope dates back to the time of Aristotle and Euclid. Of course, neither of these erudite ancients had the actual article which is being used in the submarine and the trenches to-day, but they discovered that part of the theory of light and optics which is present in the working of a periscope.

At a later date the camera obscura came to baffle the world, the scientists of the fifteenth century having evolved a box in which an image can be thrown and traced by a pencil into an actual picture. The idea was quickly seized upon by showmen, and a camera obscura became a feature of every sideshow and exhibition. From first to last the showmen made a good deal of money out of the idea until people came to learn that there was nothing magical about the thing. But the periscope and the camera obscura are simplicity itself. All that is needed is a mirror and a lens.

Link with the Past.

It is just eighty years ago since the pillory was abolished in Britain. The pillory as a form of torture was known all over Europe.

Its form is, of course, familiar to all. The culprit, generally a criminal—though men were often put in the pillory for political offenses as well—was placed on a platform, and his head and hands were enclosed in a small wooden frame. If public opinion went against the culprit, his fate was often a terrible one, from the enraged populace often beat and stoned him.

Readers of Bennett's novel, "The Orange Girl," will know how this torture was dreaded by all classes of criminals. Occasionally a prominent and influential personality would be sentenced to detention in the pillory, as was Lord Constance, but, fortunately for his lordship, the punishment was never carried out. Strange scenes were often witnessed at the pillory, as in 1739, when the offender was supplied with refreshments during his imprisonment, and protected from the weather by an umbrella.

Flying Grasshoppers.

The grasshopper would seem to have nothing in common with the seagull, yet they have been picked up in swarms at sea, in some cases no less than 1,200 miles from the nearest land.

The African grasshopper has been known to cross the Red and Mediterranean seas in destructive numbers, and even to fly to the Canary Islands. For the most part they are of a migratory species noted for great flights. The bodies are about four inches long and are equipped with large air sacs in addition to the usual breathing tubes. These sacs buoy up the insect so that it is able to stay in the air for days at a time, exerting practically no effort at all. During flight its speed varies from three to twenty miles an hour. When it is tired it rests on the water and is borne along on the waves.

APPROVED RECIPES

This column is for the good of all correspondents. No one's problems are really individual and everyone's problems are likely to apply to someone else. So when correspondents ask for personal recipes they not only demand an unfair amount of time and attention, but they also deprive others of a chance to consider a situation which might interest them almost as much as it does the particular individual who has asked for a solution. Hereafter—except in cases of dire necessity—no personal recipes will be sent.

Sailor's Duff.

Two tablespoonfuls shortening, 2 tablespoonful sugar, 1 egg, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful molasses, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1½ cupfuls bread flour, ¼ cupful boiling water.

Cream shortening and sugar together, add egg well beaten, then molasses. Stir well and add flour sifted with salt and soda. Beat all together well and add the boiling water. Beat again and place in well-greased mold. Steam about 1½ hours. Serve with a sauce made as follows:

To the yolk of one egg beaten with one-half cupful of powdered sugar add one cupful of cream whipped and one teaspoonful lemon extract.

Baked Apple Salad a la Perle Place.

Six small, uniform, tart apples, 1 cupful cubed marshmallows, ¼ cupful chopped peanuts, mayonnaise, lettuce, currant jelly. Core the apples and put them in a baking pan. Fill the centres with brown sugar and a lump of butter each. Bake as usual, basting them with a little hot water, then chill. Mix together the peanuts, marshmallows, and three-fourths cupful of mayonnaise; fill the centres and top with a little more mayonnaise and cubes of currant jelly. Serve garnished with lettuce hearts.